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THE BIDDEN PLACES AND OTHER POEMS

ALIDA
CHANDLER EMMET





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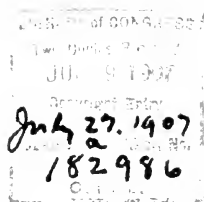
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THE HIDDEN PLACES

THE HIDDEN PLACES AND OTHER POEMS

BY
ALIDA
CHANLER
EMMET

ROBERT GRIER COOKE
INC., NEW YORK, MCMVII



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THE HIDDEN PLACES

THE HIDDEN PLACES

I

IN the hollows of the marches,
Where the water lilies grow,
Where the mocking loons are laughing,
Swimming idly to and fro,—
What swift message is there stirring
'Mid the grass and in the air?
'Tis the smile of unseen places,
For the Lord of Hosts is there.

2

In the green cool of the forest,
Where the thickest shadows fall,—
Where the beetles build their houses,
And the mating birds give call,—
What can mean that leafy whisper
That is spreading everywhere?
'Tis the speech of unseen places,
For the Lord of Hosts is there.

3

Where the tall green grasses cover
Nesting quail from sight of men,
Greeting lightest breeze with quiver,
Catching shade from cloud, 'tis then

I

That the breath as of an infant
Trembles faintly on the air,
'Tis the sigh of unseen places,
For the Lord of Hosts is there.

4

On the free breast of the waters,
Where the seagull's scream is heard,—
Where the deep sapphire heaven
Hovers like a brooding bird,—
Comes majestic rhythm lifting
Joyous anthem far and near,
'Tis the song of unseen places,
For the Lord of Hosts is there.

5

In the cavern 'neath the ocean
In the mine beneath the hill,
Where are heard no human voices,
Where the mighty rocks lie still,—
What slow throb is that vibrating
In the dank, black darkness there?
'Tis the pulse of hidden places,
For the Lord of Hosts is there.

WELCOME THE YEARS

WELCOME the years that link us to the skies,
Plucking their fruit, and eating as we go;
Wholesome there are, offending taste and eyes,
And luscious some, checking the blood's free
flow.

Anon, our paths uniting for a space—
A friend approaching joins his course to ours,
Communing gladly as we walk apace—
We dimly heed the knell of passing hours.

Each soul the other wafts t'ward that great goal
Which, as a magnet, draws them to one end;
Where path unites with path, and soul with soul,
And streams no longer wayward courses wend.

Such meetings over, some their strength renew—
With head erect, they look beyond the years;
While others, mourning those whose steps withdrew,
With slackened pace their comfort seek in tears.

Con we one lesson ere we journey long—
With life to be content, so we can learn,
Though bitter one day's fruit, its meat makes strong,
We from another's sting may wisdom earn.

THE MESSAGE

HAVE ye seen the lion taméd in his lair,
When the stroke of weakness falls upon his
head?
Have ye known the heart of man grow weak
and sear,
When the idol of his mind is lying dead?

Have ye seen an August flower wilt and fade
Under Heavens that are merciless and dry?
Have ye watched a woman's bloom as it decayed,
While her mellow voice has withered to a sigh?

Then come seek the hidden region of the soul,
Where the angels weave the virtues of the heart,
Where high heaven's tearless rivers ever roll,
Dear drink of living waters to impart.

Where all beasts of prey or burden may take rest,
Where all flowers gather bloom along its shores,
Nor suffer from the seasons more arrest;
Where his keeper each unswervingly adores.

And return ye to the wanderers of earth,
Bearing hope to heart of woman that is sad;
Sing to ear of humbled hero of his worth,
Tell the lion in his desert to be glad.

LET FALL

“**L**ET fall, seek not to save thyself, but lose—
Pain deeper lies in fear than in a bruise,”—
So wisdom speaks with kindly voice and grave,
As woman strives a straying child to save.

And what the clear response that comes at length?
The fearless smile, while turning in their strength,
They strike, as bidden, freely into space,
Nor care they longer cautious paths to trace.

Unconscious now of laws that guide or fell,
To one melodious chord their senses swell,
While to their ear comes ever distant call;
Until, at last, like drops with sudden fall

In ocean, they with joy regain their source,
And leave behind the child of slower course.
Who foothold seeking, to their safety cling,
Are checked in flight as bird of clipped wing.

NIGHT

UPON the earth night's beauteous garment falls,
With gentle motion steadily descends;
Holding each crevice in embrace that calls
An incense sweet which, from the earth, ascends
In fairy forms, and with the verdure blends.

That purple web of star-rent texture rare
Now fallen low, there drops a mystic balm;
Alluring message quivers on the air,
Which offers careworn man a respite calm,
And draws from throat of nesting bird a Psalm.

To this sweet message some their senses bow,
And join with simple heart that harmony;
They gladly smooth from care a tired brow,
And sleep as infants, free from calumny,
Whose heart and conscience know no tyranny.

Not thus do pleasure-lovers greet the night,
With heart aflame defy they nature's powers,
Until the minutes, taking rapid flight,
Linking together, change themselves to hours;
And lo! above them keen-eyed morning towers.

How varies heart of sage and waster here?
Their motives for rebellion differing,
With eye upon the night, the sage austere
Those charms would prove that earth are covering,
And while he gazes sees dawn quivering.

Who then wins night's deep secret, keenly sought?
The wakeful searchers, or the unbeguiled?
Stern knowledge can be found and dearly bought,
But wisdom holds her sanctuary mild
Within the simple heartbeat of a child.

SIMPLE MANHOOD

SIMPLE manhood nobly wrought,
Slow of speech, by justice taught,
In whose mind no fear is known,
Competent to stand alone.

Many secrets women teach,
Often heaven do they reach;
But their heartstrings weaker be,
Let them courage learn from thee.

Teach them justice to attain,
Though against their hearts it reign;
How to place their love apart
When they'd treasure earn of art.
Then on earth their souls shall seem
Love to blend with law supreme.

PEACE TO THE TROUBLED HEART

PEACE to the troubled heart and brain,
Rest to the ever-questioning mind;
Hope to the slackened blood, as rain
To sluggish streams, and may the wind
Of soul renew its stagnant force,
Lending fresh freedom to its course.

Wherefore this aching weariness?
Surely some glory is its aim!
Turn then thy thought from dreariness,
Erectly hold that trembling frame,
And know that, as a brooding dove,
Behind the darkness hovers love.

SPRING FROM THY FEARS MY SOUL

SPRING from thy fears my soul and wing abroad.
Leaving all thought of dole, join festive board.
The Angels wait thy freedom to descry;
Though thou art late, thy wings may speed apply.

Firm standeth Heaven, nor do sin and pain
E'er strand a soul that sails Life's turbid main.
Though oft through paths unbidden we have trod
The winds of Heaven blow us home to God.

THE ANGELUS

THE reapers through the meadows wend their way,
Behind the hills serenely falls the day.
The harvest moon mounts slowly in the sky,
And smiles benignly on the passers by.

The happy lovers lightly tread the grass,
Exchanging friendly greeting as they pass;
They move like shadows in the dusky light,
Along the open field, or in the sight
Of cheerful window framing comely face
Of mother, sitting in accustomed place.
The distant tower tolls a solemn bell,
And to the simple reapers hear it tell
How as the scythe swings, falls the mellow sheaf,
Like the young hours of life whose bloom is brief;
But over all earth's harvest far and wide,
Peace, and the light of starlit skies abide.
Each lad and lass inclines his youthful brow,
And sinks within the soul a solemn vow
To cherish from time's taint and sin's alloy,
The fair remembrance of his sacred joy.
Then list, ye mystic reapers! Lend your ears;
Sound on this curfew through approaching years.

I WANDERED HAPPY

I WANDERED happy in a spicy grove
That stood erect upon a rocky shore,
Where smiling waves their snowy cobwebs wove,
And far above would white-winged sea gulls soar.
Then rose blue mountains o'er the silver mist
That hovered close upon the water's breast,
Which to the waves serenely seemed to list,
Then t'ward my mind swift message they addressed.
"Let thy soul freely rise with this new wind
That toucheth now this joyous, verdant isle.
Let all thy doubts and fears fall far behind
Thy skyward trail that angels should beguile.
Man was not meant a prisoner to dwell
Upon the earth with leaden care held down,
But freely should he rise, his love to tell,
In regions which the starry heavens crown,
And with the planets gain a glad renown."

THE VOICES

VOICES whisper o'er the spreading years:
Their dear familiar accents blend with tears
That rise in sacred grief and fall in joy
For knowledge that ye dwell where none destroy
Your love for those on earth. In God's employ,
Ye bear your missals of angelic peace
To us who taste not yet your sweet release.
Where hides the secret of your gentle cries?
We neither hear nor see in common wise
Your mystic forms; but in the throat of bird
There throbs the power of the hidden word;
Or quivers in the leaf of yonder tree
That moves in gentle rhythm with the sea.
Yea, 'neath the language of our human writ
There lies a tongue of purer, keener wit,
That doth with bands of love the planets knit
In one fair maze; and to our human dowers
Unites the wisdom of the joyous flowers.

HEAD HOME

RETURN, thou sorry wanderer,
Still burns thy limpid star,
Unfurl thy sail unto the night,
Though rent with many a scar,
'Twill catch the winds of Heaven still,
If thou but lend it to their will.
Head home !

Return, thou foolish squanderer,
That casts thy bread afar.
God's garner still with love are bright,
Nor can the sinner mar
The light of Heaven's purity,
Or shake the soul's security.
Head home !

THE ANTIPHONIES

FROM the heart of blackest darkness
Creeps a summons to the Light,
From the torrid glare of mid-day sinks
A call unto the night.

From the barren wintry forests
Spreads a yearning for the green,
Of fair June's resplendent verdure,
Or young April's tender sheen.

From the core of summer stillness
Comes demand for thunder peal;
While the roar of heavy waters,
Unto silence makes appeal.

From the heart of them in sorrow,
From the mind of them in pain,
Breaks a groan unto the Heavens
That would calm of Death attain.

And the answers, yea, the answers!
Rise they slowly, fall they long!
But they come, yea, they are nearing,
And the love they bear is strong.

Light to Darkness, Sound to Silence,
Cool to Heat, for Sun the Moon,
While to call of joy or sorrow
Comes an answer late or soon.

Thou for whom man's voice is singing,
Swift t'ward whom his cries ascend,
We must seek thee, we must greet thee,
O our Answer, to the end.

TO THE HUDSON

NOBLE River!
That lay'st the outskirts of our fevered town;
Bearing ever,
With grave leisure, welcome message down
The valleys from wide country fields and sky;
Ceasing never
Thy swift travel to the ocean, as fly
T'ward their covert,
The unerring birds. From their high thrones
Upon whose leaden breast mountains decree
Royal favor,
And bid thee bear their greeting to the sea—
Wilt thou sever
From out our midst all doubtful act that owns
Not guiding breath of Heaven,
And endeavor
The stagnant vapors of our lives to leaven?

ON JAPAN'S TREATY OF PEACE WITH
RUSSIA, 1905

WELL done, Japan! We sing thy praise to-day;
For thou hast shown us how the mighty may
Yield to the vanquished generous return
For hostile act, and nations' homage earn.

Thou hast expressed a noble disregard
For worldly commendation or reward;
Nor hast thou trembled for thy future peace.
But in strong confidence thou dost release

Thy vanquished foe, relying on the aid
Of common right to which thy debt is paid.
Now stands thy debtor the eternal law,
To him that giveth shall be given more.

TO THE UNITED STATES

LIKE some vast furnace filled with fuel varied
Is our land.
Like heated runner that has seldom tarried
See her stand!
With heaving breast, inflated nostril panting,
As midrace
A steed will pause and look ahead from slanting
Bank, with pace
Redoubled onward then he bounds with lightened tread.
Oh, may thy course grow straight as now 'tis swift!
So shall the ages know thee for God's gift.

GRIEF

IN the lonely sombre watches of the heart,
When the very earth beneath us groweth sad;
When the sorrow laden airs their grief impart,
When the sun above us ceaseth to be glad—

When the stately trees their mourning branches wave,
As they quiver 'neath the touch of moaning breeze;
While the restless birds a haven seem to crave,
And the sluggish river windeth ill at ease,—

Then we drag our tired feet beneath the stars,
Where the pallid moon full tenderly looks down;
While the gleaming planets smiling through their tears,
With dim light press the brow as with a crown.

Now there comes to aching heart a touch of peace,
'Neath that weight of breathless sorrow life has
stirred.

Rise Angelic voices promising release,
While through shadows breaks the song of mating
bird.

BIRTH

WHAT joyful cry resounds among the stars,
And stops the tumult of our foolish wars?
What gleam of light from Heaven's purest
ray,

Floats down upon our darkened, hidden way?
What breath of vital air now stirs our blood
And fills our sordid minds with hope of good,
Thrilling our very fibres with sweet mirth?
The cry, the gleam, the breath of human birth.

REPENT

TURN thee and see!
Thus speaks the word "Repent."
Return, behold!
And t'ward thy soul relent.

The day grows clear
Unto thy searching eye,
When mists of sloth
And doubt, thou brushest by.

Yea, reason on,
Ye servants of the mind;
But when ye turn
Your words shall fall behind—

Shall fall as dust
From off your wingéd feet,
And ye shall rise
The simple Truth to meet.

SPIRIT OF MEEKNESS

SPIRIT of meekness whose ethereal beauty
Lends to its abode a sweetness rare,
And as with fairy wand gives charm to duty;
That mak'st all burdens easier to bear,—

Teach our proud hearts the value of thy graces,
On thy sweet strength to lean when most we'd gain;
Thy mien to watch as babes with upturned faces,
Till somewhat of thy virtue we attain.

WITH EYES UPLIFTED

WITH eyes uplifted t'ward eternal spring,
What matter that the seasons mar our race,
Till like the gnarléd oak with aspect grim,
'Mid children, seems to us an agéd face?
Beneath the shade the tender saplings bud,
Their branches deck in fairest coloring,
While thus the children burst from babyhood,
And laughing chase the years as bird on wing.
And chasing find and gather, letting fall
What eagerly they grasp but cannot hold;
Until, at length, there comes to each the call,
"Return, the course is run, the day is old."
From out the face of beauty smiles the Soul,
The source of life which also is the end:
Whose energy projects us from the whole,
But to regain despite our erring trend.

ACTION

THE heated vortex of the life of deed
 Enfolds within its depth God's energy.
 Why then decry the runners or their speed?
 We neither run nor fight for effigy,
But blindly do outpour the ruddy wine
 That gushes from our souls 'neath Heaven's mill,
Which grinds, we heard of old, exceeding fine.
 Complain not then because the world's athrill
With restless life that hurries us afar,
 But set thy sails and drift at Heaven's will,
Holding thy compass to the northern star,
Which points to final peace beyond Earth's war.

TO HUMANITY

PAUSE in thy race, Humanity,
Look o'er the road thou travellest,
To that fair land from whence thou first stepped
forth.

Then onward gaze to distant misty shores.
Art moving quickly, are thy footsteps sure?
Breathe deep of that first purity
Thou knowest well, yet scatterest;
So careless art thou of thy maker's wrath.
Dost test His patience or His love, thou wanton?
Both are invulnerable as are His laws.
He is thy pattern and He holds thy cure.

PROGRESS

THOU, all that's bright and fresh throughout
mankind!

Thou blast of sea and mountain winds combined!

Thou hurricane, tempestuous and vast,
That leaves behind its trail the touch of past
And future benefit and force,
Yet drags each new born treasure on its course.
Of worlds beyond and ages still unknown thou art
the breath,
And singest of the life that conquers death.

NATURE ART THOU NOT AWEARY?

NATURE art thou not weary
Of charming us at every turn?
The open field in frank display
Of tender green and grazing sheep,
Long hold the eye, until we yearn
For contrast. Woods, unobtrusive,
Stand the while awaiting our desire;
Wherein there flickers light and shade,
And in the grass darts some wild hare
A chase for cover, with his heart on fire,
While rustling leaves and song of bird
Hold us entranced, with sweet entanglement.
Still greet we further hint of charm,
New sound, now blends with breeze on tree,
Now leads away to fresh environment,
Seeming to the ear to whisper
"Here am I, not there." Thus on we follow,
Over bending twig and fern, through
The tangle of the bushes, till,
Alert with joy, from out some gloomy hollow
A brook breaks forth, with sheen transparent
And gay murmur, swiftly on its way.
Like silken thread, it weaves illusive
Course among the drinking fern
And bears anon a blossom blown astray.
Checked with some bright sunbeam, now
The sight it dazzles, and again, between
High rocks it swells its silver tones
And still allures us on. At length,

Full gladly 'gainst some grassy bank we lean
In sweet exhaustion. Where, with sounds
Of wind and water, feel of tender moss,
The smell of flowers, songs of bird,
The senses blend, and—Nature speaks;
“I am as when Fair Eden knew me; Loss
Approaches never to my form.
Bring me fresh hearts, and gladly will I show
My mysteries. Follow lightly
Where I beckon, so shall ye wisdom know,
And thus glean Love.”

ENGLAND

WITH gentle marvel thou dost woo me, England,
From noble cliff-bound coast to verdant
inland.

With incense exquisite and pure praising thy
maker,
Thou, of his faithfulness most sure, art glad partaker.

LOVE

WHAT means this stirring of the airs around within me; this strange and pleasant quickening of the night? Why shines the moon more bright, the stars more lovely, while thrills my heart with some new-born delight? All my life seems poured into this hour, and more beyond, forever more beyond. All light and might are caught and held in a moment. I say, "Whence comest thou, what art thou?" Then broke the night into thy face beloved, and I knew 'twas thee it meant and told of, and I was content. Pray God the airs about thee beat time to my poor form as well and swell its shape to that my heart contains.

UN COUP DE CŒUR

LÉONIDE se reposait
Paisiblement auprès d'un orme.
Le vent du crépuscule touchait
Légèrement sa jolie forme.

A l'entourage les ombres profondes
Tremblaient tout silencieusement,
Caressant sa tête blonde
Qui contenait l'esprit content.

En volant, les heureux oiseaux
Allaient chercher sur la rive
Leur nourriture entre les roseaux
Où passait l'eau à voix plaintive.

Soudainement un gros nuage
S'épargnait lugubrement.
La pluie tombait sur son visage,
Suivie par des hurlements

De tonnerre, lourdes et solennelles.
Léonide, tremblant et blanche,
Tâchait courir. S'approchait d'elle
Un homme appuiant sur une branche.

“ Belle demoiselle, ayez pitié
D'un chasseur blessé mortellement
Par un cruel coup d'acier
Au cœur plongé tout soudainement.”

Léonide, les yeux baissés,
Demandait à l'étrange souffrant
Quelle aide elle pourrait lui donner.
Et lui, sa jolie main prenant,
A ses lèvres l'ayant levée,
Répondait, " Par l'attendrissement
De cette voix, je suis sauvé."

“MA PETITE ROSE”

MA petite rose,
Mignonne éclore,
Réjouissant à part,
Veux-tu me plaire—

Veux-tu me faire
Cadeau de ton bel art?
Si non, je n' saurai où trouver
Un pareil maître d'amour,
Qui donne la joie
À qui que ce soit
Et travaille nuit et jour.

A SONG

(She sings)

BRING me posies.
Each rose is a moment, which linked to the
other
Forms a garland with which I shall capture my
lover.
Bring me posies.

My love is a star that dwelleth afar
For the spheres to behold:
But to me he brings posies from Paradise—
Bring me posies.

Why comes he not hither?
My garland will wither.
Bring me fresh posies from Paradise.

(He sings)

I come.
I trample the winds to gather their sweetness,
I mount on their backs to capture their fleetness.
I bring thee rare posies from Paradise.

ODE TO THE FOREST FAIRIES

TRIP ye blithesome fairies nearer,
That we 'see those dainty feet;
Each than other forms seems fairer.
As with tiny hands ye beat
On those timbrels.

(Chorus)

Oh, ye symbols
Of life's airy joys, draw near;
Singing, "Dance the heart benimble,
For the morrow take no care."

In the glades of leafy rafter,
Spread ye honey sweet repast;
In the glad green dells your laughter
Ripples like the brook, and fast
With it mingles.

(Chorus)

Oh, ye symbols
Of life's airy joys, draw near;
Singing, "dance the heart benimble,
For the morrow take no care."

When fair day, with hours drooping
Like rose petals, ere they fall,
Faintly smiles, come fairies grouping
Their sweet forms 'neath even's thrall
Sweet their jingles.

(Chorus)

Then ye symbols
Of life's airy joys, draw near;
Singing, "Dance the heart benimbles,
For the morrow take no care."

TO A SNOWSTORM

SIFT ye flakes through leaden skies,
Sift ye!
Drift ye snows in idle wise,
Drift ye!
Lift, cold earth, thy frozen breast,
Lift thee!
Rift, ye frosts, with stubborn zest,
Rift ye!
Whither wend ye icy winds,
Whither?
Hither bend your wayward minds
Hither!
Prithee, bear my love apart,
Prithee!
Sift ye Love through her maiden heart,
Sift ye!
Thus shall wintry storms be past,
Winging
On Love's message hold them fast!
She comes springing!

THE HILL GODS

JOY with the sun is dawning,
The Hill Gods clap their hands,
As merry dryads, laughing,
Run by the golden sands.

The silver birches glitter
Before the rising sun,
The twinkling leaves aquiver,
Strive a race to run.

Glad breezes freshly rising,
Cover the joyous sea,
And leaping waves are chasing
The nymphs full merrily.

While silver fishes springing
Upon the ocean's back,
String tiny purple bubbles
Along a foaming track.

The white seagulls are sweeping
Among the pearly clouds
That t'ward the hills are weaving
Their misty, formless shrouds.

The Hill Gods draw their quivers
Of steely arrows white;
Shrinks timid morning paling,
And shields her gentle light.

Now muffled drums are sounding
From out the darkening sky;
Enters the sun full sadly
Within his palace high.

The spritely dryads seeking
Their homes in hollow tree,
Through leafy portals leaning
The weeping Storm Queen see.

Her sad-eyed maidens moaning,
Mount on the rising wind;
While guides their tragic lady
Her plunging horses blind.

At length the Hill Gods weary
Call for a truce from war;
Hiding their flashing arrows
They hail the sun afar.

The gladsome nymphs returning,
Challenge the smiling waves;
While the sun, all clouds dispersing,
His sparkling pathway paves.

To harp of golden sunbeams,
Chanting her ballads free,
Now gathers fair joy her tresses,
And laves them in the sea

ARETHUSA

BEHOLD, my form gleaming,
My golden locks streaming,
With foam hotly teeming,
Rock-imprisoned I lie.

Full woefully moaning,
My sins thus atoning,
With piteous groaning
Mounts the wind my loud cry

To this brook to relieve me,
That hastes to deceive me,
To grieve me and leave me,
Flowing carelessly by.

Fate loudly condemning,
The current scarce stemming
That fast my form's hemming
From shore, still hope I

That Pan, all availing,
Will hear my sad wailing
E'er, my free spirit failing,
I, as mortal, must die.

But the crystal stream creeping,
Arethusa fast steeping,
Her spirit is sweeping
From all form apart.

Her sorrows unending,
Their mournful ways wending,
Like a bell the airs rending,
Still tolls her sad heart.

MAY

WITH swift swerve of her robes the young Spring
turned
And faced the smiling South :
“Embrace me, my sister ! My heart hath yearned
For the touch of thy honied mouth.
Press thy lips to my cheek in blessings mete,
Speak to me words of love;
For my heart is glad and my limbs are fleet
The joys of my lord to prove.
Then the fair South turned with an outstretched hand
And kissed the young Spring’s cheek.
“Be thou queen,” she said. “Over sea and land
Do thou conquer the mountain bleak.
Be thy days as sweet as the wild moss rose,
Thy nights as limpid pools;
For the great god Pan late thy young heart chose,
To regale his mind in the cools
Of thy maiden breast with its scented sighs,
Thy locks of rainbow hue;
With the sound of thine early morning cries
To his love, which is always new.

SUMMER

ABOVE the beauty of the earth and sky,
Descending like a gentle noonday rain,
Sweet Summer drops her veil of misty hue
In scented tincture steeped of violet blue.
She draws from out earth's deepest treasure hold,
Riches of vine and blossoms, fruit and grain;
Naught can resist her tender winning wiles;
Then o'er her fair accomplishment she smiles.

A LULLABY

RAISE, raise, raise ye mighty nights and days
Your hymns of praise.
Rove, rove, rove ye wingéd winds above
With songs of love.
Lave, lave, lave thou laughing crystal wave
This rocky cave.
Keep, keep, keep my tender babe asleep
Lest he should weep.

THE HERMIT MAID

HER mind suffused with quietude,
She walks beneath the stars;
Or chants in leafy solitude
Her tender, mystic bars.

The trees cast shade in plenitude
Upon her pathway lone;
The Earth rebounds with gratitude
Her lightest touch to own.

Wood hollows echo carefully
Her mellow, limpid tones;
Birds lend their chorus cheerfully,
The rose her thorn atones

By incense offered prayerfully
Upon the willing wind,
While smile her petals tearfully
'Mid nightly dewdrops kind.

The mountain stream runs warily
With solemn, warning sound,
While creep the black roots sparingly
That lie above the ground.

The timid hare runs fearlessly
To sport himself abroad,
And gentle fawns spring carelessly
To play in glad accord.

Still moves the fair night dreamingly,
Until the silver Moon
The maiden's locks comb gleamingly,
And she in slumber swoon.

DEATH

AN icy drop in the smoking cup,
Black cloud on noonday sky,
A colorless pool 'mid the sunlit fields
Whose still depth holds the eye;
Where sombre pines are sentinels;
Where fails the morning light;
Nearing that brink all living things
Are slackened in their flight
Along life's thronging thoroughfares;
And moving as in sleep,
Witless, approaching suddenly,
They pause to rest or weep.
O Death, thou shadow 'cross the sun,
Wise sister of the Night!
Swift are thy feet, meet is thy touch,
And still unchecked thy might.

THE SONG OF A DEAD LEAF

BLOW thou spring breeze, and bear me youth
again!

A withered leaf still clinging to my tree,
What place have I mid buds bedecked with rain?
Or scented flowers waving glad and free?

Mid those that crouch within the springing grass,
Like timid fawns that human eye would shun,
Which, falling softly neath the feet that pass,
Oft lie unseen, when their sweet course is run?

But from such meekness let me learn content,
I'll hie me where the bygone blossoms grow;
No longer idly here need strength be spent;
But, dropping on yon stream, I'll swiftly flow

To lands where no man's heart his fortune rues;
Where dwell no longer wintry cold and gloom,
Where spring and summer hold their lovely hues,
And naught of beauty ceases more to bloom.

A LOVE LAMENT

THE lonely river winds toward the sea,
The night is black, the winds are sorrowing,
The mountains stand in dark severity
Above the forest coldly towering.

Hushed are the birds as in the still of death,
The heavy clouds hang chill and lowering,
The earth exhales a dank and dreary breath,
From which shrink flowers lowly cowering.

While I crouch helpless in my bed of woe,
Who, but an hour since with beauty flowering,
Did sing "How fair is love" with heart aglow,
Nor knew that I from Joy was only borrowing.

THE SAIL

A SONG broke out of the glowing east,
The song of a sunlit sail.
It flashed with the foaming wave abreast
And sped with the winging gale.
Strong Ocean's heart leapt alert and high
'Gainst the breath of the running wind,
That swept and soared where the great wastes lie,
That hold the stars behind.
Wide the light of the eastern fire
Spreads o'er the tractless sea,
As the hearts of dauntless men aspire
Athwart eternity.
On sped the sail o'er the shining waves
As flits a loosened soul.
It sang of the joy that saves, that saves,
And sprang t'ward the western goal.

A VISION

I SAW a country beautiful and wide,
Where all appeared to minister to pride.
Verdant it seemed and fruitful to the view
And never seemed there lack of bounties new.
Till wandering I tired, and reposed
My grateful limbs upon a knoll exposed
To aspect near and far so manifold
In beauty, that I wept, and thus foretold
The change that my new gaze would soon unfold.
For now mine eyes, bedimmed with lustrous mist,
Did further penetrate than I had wist,
And slowly to my mind there did appear
A heavy sorrow and a chilling fear.
Behind the verdant vine and luscious fruit
Was poison and corruption, pain acute
Throbbéd in each movement of fair Nature's form,
Now forcéd by some power to conform
Unto a demon's will that did transform
Her to his likeness, till again I wept.
At length I from my heavy sorrow slept.
Then all was peace and silence for a space,
As rests some heated runner from his race,
Until from out the silence there arose
The sound of flowing water, my repose
Enhanced grew with gentle music made
By drop uniting drop in dusky glade
Of waving willows which my vision stayed.
Refreshed, I started further on my way,
With sad remembrance covered by new day;

While ever did the flowing water, wrought
 With light and shadow, on my mind brave thought
 Bestow, and drew me onward t'ward its source
 With swift alluring sylvan course.
 At length, into a grotto, dark and deep,
 It led me where the daylight ceased to keep
 Its tender vigil o'er my sight, and sleep
 Returned to offer me repose.
 Though a great stillness on my mind did close,
 My body seemed in movement with the stream,
 And 'neath my form its crystal shape did gleam,
 While slowly and full tenderly it bore
 Me on and outward to a misty shore.
 Here saw I nought of verdure or of life,
 Of vibrant beauty or of cruel strife,
 But all seemed cold and with a stillness rife.
 I wandered over rocks and deserts bare
 Of weed or flower, tree or fruit, yet fair
 Was this strange country to mine eye.
 I walked with grave delight, "In search of what
 and why?"
 At length my heart did ask; and then appeared
 A pool near to my feet, that uncompar'd
 For stillness and for blackness seemed. I gazed,
 And lo! what I so quiet had appraised,
 At its dark centre motion showed. I raised
 My voice in joyful song, for here
 Lay that stream's source I had held dear.
 Then close it drew me as by magic spell.
 And soon my very being it did quell
 With power wonderful, vibration sweet.
 Though I was for its blessing all unmeet,
 Yet spoke that liquid tongue with mystic speech,
 And much of wisdom's wonder did me teach,
 While humbly I my eager heart did reach
 For its full blessing. Then came this command,
 "Return the way thou camest to the land

Of pain and beauty." Now in strength I fled
Full swiftly back the way the stream had led
Me on my search, and once again I trod,
'Mid verdant groves and hills, the tender sod
Of that fair land which richly had imbued
My mind with rapture. Now with joy renewed
I wept. Then came that demon forth, endued
No more with dreaded strength, and fell
Deathlike and helpless at my feet to tell
That I had found the magic secret. Now
Unto my will must he in sorrow bow.
"Yea, thou must die," I said, "and from thee born
Of this thy death shall rise an azure morn,
Ne'er to be darkened more by pain or scorn."
Then died the monster and rose Earth refreshed,
No longer in her shame lay she enmeshed;
But at my feet there rose a tender child,
With eyes of azure blue that on me smiled.

THE GOBLINS.

FORTH from their caves the merry goblins run,
With strange grimace and blinking at the sun,
Whose warm caress they do not comprehend,
But turn their tiny forms where trees defend
Their addled brains from harmful midday heat,
And there repose them on yon rocky seat.

Speaks one, "We hear a maiden lieth near
With none for her protection. Shall we dare
To steal her golden armlets and her pearls,
And pull with merry mischief at her curls?"

Another frowned. "Friend, be not overbold;
They say a maiden's heart doth magic hold
'Gainst harmful deed, so be she's innocent,
And thwarts all power breathing ill intent."

"Nay, let us venture," said a grinning third,
"We'll face such odds as those. By yonder bird,
Who told us where the sleeping maiden lies,
I swear we'll gain good sport, not rue her cries."

Then did he gather up his crooked limbs,
And hop and amble to entice the whims
Of those who, fearful, lagged a pace behind,
And soon he drew them to one common mind.

Now through the shadows of the open trees
And o'er the velvet moss they move as breeze;

Alert and swift and full of merry wiles
And sprightly mischief that dull time beguiles.

At length they reach an open sunlit sward,
Where, near a brook, her lovely head toward
A spreading fir tree, lay the maid asleep.
And in her slumbers she did softly weep,
And murmur, "My beloved, faithful hound!
The day hangs heavily. Had I but found
Thy welcome tracks ere I had wearied quite,
I should be now where I'll not be to-night.
Now may the saints defend my helpless life
From harmful happening, I've no heart for strife."

Then crowd the goblins round her sleeping form,
As o'er a peaceful field descends a storm.
And soon her jewels they have stolen all.
Then wove they of light cobwebs a soft pall
And cast it o'er her limbs and face and hair,
And pinned it to the ground. Then in this snare
They left her for a while, soon to return,
With torches lit, her golden hair to burn.

But when they played about her gentle head,
The maid awoke, and to the goblins said,
"Ye wanton creatures, are ye not content
That ye my robes have torn, and me have pent
Beneath this veil—my jewels too are gone—
That ye my golden locks would now have shorn?"

Ah, woe is me! Why comes not my good friend!
He would unto your hearts such terror lend,
As would your silly minds set in a maze.
Then did the goblins wend their foolish ways
To meditate in impish wise a plan
For further mischief: but one stops to scan

The forest, and he soon a hound descries,
That creeps upon his belly in snake wise.

Now all have sighted the intrepid hound,
And tremble lest by him they should be found.
"So, ho, ye vassals of high sport and glee,
And will ye not draw near, a guest to see?"

So spake the hound in accents danger sweet,
And as he spoke, he stood upon his feet.
But, like all foolish seekers after sport,
Those goblins had no mind justice to court.

So now, with patient toil and thrifty skill,
The faithful hound undid their mischief, till
The maid was free to go upon her way,
In meek content, despoiled of display.

But she fair garlands gathered on the road,
And safe returned unharmed to her abode,
In fairer mien, with sweeter jewels clad,
Than when she forth had started—nor did sad
Regret for stolen treasures more employ
Her thoughtful mind or check her ardent joy.
And were those goblins wiser when the night
At length appeared and called them from their fright?
Nay, but they soon forgot their pleasure sweet,
And scampered home in vague concern, with feet
As swift as those that hither led them first,
And with such foolish hearts as fear might burst.
Nor did they e'er return to find their spoil,
Which, hidden, was ere long within the soil.

So is all gain of idle finders lost,
For they know nought of what life's treasures cost.
And though sometimes dear justice seems to tarry
He comes at length and homeward doth he carry

The wounded pilgrim who has held his faith.
And to his grateful foundling then he saith,
“Fear not the foolish goblins of the mind,
They hold to nought of mischief that they find,
But scatter soon as dust before the wind.

THE HIDDEN LIGHT

I DREAMED a dream.

All was obscurity and silence for a space; then to mine ear came sound of voices calling, "We stumble, we fall, we lose our way; oh, for a guide to give us counsel!" I hurried after, groping amid trees. Before me now fluttered a woman's garments; now a man uttered an oath and struck at the air with his staff.

At length we came to an open space of gentle character. A stream, scarce moving, divided us from a tender sward whereon an old man sat. Behind him rose a great oak tree, spreading its strong branches in calm protection o'er his silver head. Methought he was an hermit. His garb was rude, and there was that in his mien which bespoke a life of solitude.

We gazed in silence; then the hermit spoke. Methought his voice was as the breath of winter at even. "What seek ye?" A maid in white apparel, who had ever walked in advance of the company, made swift answer. "We seek the hidden light. Methinks I see it flickering ahead, but 'tis deceiving, oft I stumble in the search."

Hermit.—Ah! 'Tis the old tale. Think not, my child, that the light ahead is that ye seek; 'tis but the Will-o'-the-whisp, which is often seen in these parts. 'Twill, indeed, lead ye astray.

Maid.—How then, Father, may we learn to know the real from the unreal, since we may not walk by day lest we distinguish not the hidden light?

Hermit.—When the stones turn to sod 'neath your feet, and the earth renews your strength at each step, when the air breathes delight on your cheek and the heavens become as the smile of God—then ye may know that ye have found the hidden light, and ye may take rest 'neath its charm.

Maid.—Father, surely thou hast found this light?

Hermit.—Yea, I dwell 'neath its caress, waiting for the hour when the earth shall be withdrawn from me, and my love shall be one with it forever.

Maid.—Father, may I remain near thee, and learn of thee that the light is here?

Hermit.—Nay, my child, each of us must find it separately. Part from thy companions, part from me also. The light unites us, but we must not unite ourselves.

The maid, sighing, bade farewell to her fellow travellers, and went on her way alone. At times she met them, and oftenest the hermit crossed her path until he became one with the light. Then she travelled more easily, and at last she, too, became free to wait 'neath the Shadow for the Dawn.

DEATH OF THE GODDESS OF SPACE

O VER the clouds the goddess roams
Toward the golden West,
'Mid chilly shrouds in their matchless domes
She halts at length to rest.

The stars appeared, and the night winds lulled
Her weary soul to sleep.
The planets heard where the rivers culled
The tears that the zephyrs weep.

The Ocean laughed, ere the night had waned,
For joy that the goddess slept;
While her silver raft, with lightning stained,
Soft o'er the black hills crept.

The winds adrift, with a mighty peace,
Challenged the distant stars,
That widened a rift and formed a lease
With the nearing, swerveless years.

We'll pour our love through these misty veins,
And rain on the earth beneath.
Ho, ye winds that wove the purple stains
Of the earthly ways of Death

To a crimson pall of sorrow and woe,
Gather your scattered trails;
Come to our call and swift bestow
Your mournful, tongueless wails.

We'll purge you, we'll urge you to kill your lies
And sing of the love of Heaven.
We'll race you, we'll trace you with silver eyes,
That æons t'ward earth have driven,

Their matchless truth with patience mild
And tenderness eternal,
To win your ruth and your rovings wild
T'ward blackened wastes infernal.

Long, long we sang of the Maker's love
To distant human ears.
The heavens rang, but we ne'er could move
The sluggish earthen airs—

Now have we caught the Goddess dread,
And laid her in a tomb
Of white mists, wrought for her queenly bed,
That forms a mystic womb

Of power and light for the dawning age.
Now trample the withered past;
Begone dull Night with your storms that rage,
We bring you the day at last.

AN ALLEGORY

BEHOLD a vision that mine eyes have seen
And may men truth from out this vision glean.
Awaking from sweet sleep with misty mind,
Methought I heard a message in the wind
Which said, "Awake and speed upon my wing
That I thine all impoverished soul may bring
To vision marvellous."

Straightway I sped, and swiftly, with my guide.
We crossed dim seas, where swelled a wondrous tide.
At length he left me on an airy isle
And bade me there remain and watch awhile.
At first nought met my eager gaze but mist,
And rolling waves that ever seemed to wist
Knowledge mysterious.

Then rose two noble mountains, fair and vast.
Upon them from the east and west were cast
Lights beautiful. Full from the west came rays
Like airy flights of ruddy wings that daze
The enthralled sight to blindness. From the east
Appeared a glow more wonderful, released
From mystic arteries.

It flowed a crystal stream of mellow light,
Which to my searching eyes did lend clear sight.
'Twas from the south upon these peaks I gazed,
And clearly now distinguished, though amazed

By sluggish sense, their fair proportions. Now
Full swift my guide returned, and on my brow
Breathed mystic rarities.

He said, "Fly westward with the ebbing tide,
That I may show thee what strange things betide
These mountains fair." And thus I sped in haste,
And ever marked their beauty interlaced
With light and shadow, till at length I came
Full on the western side, where set in flame,
One peak stood glittering.

It seemed from out its summit to spout fire.
"This," said my guide, "is passionate desire
Toward Creation's planet, whence this glow
Arises." Lo, behind in deep shadow
Stood that fair peak mine eyes before beheld,
As side by side with this, which my mind felled,
To its depth shattering.

My guide sustained me. "Falter not, he said;
This light which dominates thy sight is dead
Compared to that which rises from the east,
As weak compared to it as is wild beast
Beneath the tamer's eye or hunter's knife.
'Tis death this breathes, the other bringeth life."
I, wondering,

Besought my guide to take me to the east,
And there arrived, my troubled terrors ceased.
Before me stood the snow-topped mountain pure,
Serene, majestic, gifted to allure
My laden soul to gladness. There behind
The western peak on fire stood. "Unwind,
With pondering

This mystic riddle." Said mine airy guide.
I answered, "I must look upon the side

Where first I sighted these two mountains strange;
There may I ponder with a widened range."
Returning to the isle where first I stood,
I saw with strengthened vision, wiser mood,
Reflectingly

The deep communion these two mountains held
One with the other, and straightway beheld
A dread abortion on the western side
Of the fair snow-topped peak. My mind was tried
Unto its utmost strength to comprehend
This mystery. I prayed my guide to lend
Me aid befriendingly.

Then he replied, "Behold the color lurid
Cast from Creation's fire, making sullied
The fairer surface of the eastern peak.
'Tis poison to its verdure, turning bleak
The tender soil and growth upon its bank;
With growth unwholesome making its roots rank
Unendingly."

Strange was it to behold the eastern slope
Of the mount opposite. Again to grope
For wisdom was my need, till I descried
Alone and without counsel from my guide
That it was bathed with soft reflected light
From eastern rays, descending in their might
Unswervingly,

Like white-winged doves from the high peak of snow;
And they an inward courage did bestow
Upon my weary mind. Then gentle sleep
Appeared, and hovered softly near to keep
My soul from searching further: thus bereft
Of thought and sight and faithful guide I left
In gratitude,

My wondrous problem, and a calm repose
Untouched for sweetness swiftly did enclose
My very being to its depths. How long
I thus remained I know not. Then came strong
Reminder, and my senses woke to light,
As springs refreshed earth from cloak of night.
Beatitude

Was written in my heart—I knew not how,
But my guide came and read it on my brow.
“Now watch,” he said, “and all will yet be well,
And thou the riddle of the years mayest spell.”
The mountains in a mist enveloped seemed,
Their hiding had some purpose strange I deemed,
But suddenly

The mist removed. Now standing in clear light
I saw two figures on the mountain height.
Each on a separate summit stood, and gazed
Upon each other, gladdened and amazed
They seemed. Upon the western mount mid glare
Of fire stood a man. Upon the fair
Peak gleamingly

A woman clothed in white apparel smiled,
And all the heavens seemed by her beguiled
She faced the man amid desire's flame,
And he, with loud voice, did to her proclaim
His love and homage. She heeded not the light
Behind, above her, flooding her with might;
But dreamily

She outward held her snowy hand toward
The goodly form of Human Love. A sword
Flashed in the air between them, within reach
Of either man or woman, unto each

Was given equal strength to hold and use
This sword, to honor, cherish or abuse
In liberty

Its mystic force. The woman's blinded eyes
Mistook the western fire for the wise,
Keen, stainless light of mystic love. The sword
She seized, and hurled it to her chosen lord.
He caught and brandished it with joyous shout;
Then did he turn his goodly form about
And fearlessly

He gazed, and full, upon the western glow,
Nor on the fair snow peak did more bestow
His blinded sight; but ever down the side
Of his stern mount which faced that peak, a tide
Of light there flowed from infinite desire
Which held in check the lurid western fire.
Adoringly,

Kneeling the woman watched with steadfast love.
At times he turned and smiled upon her. "Prove
She cried, "Thy power over worlds, and drive
The dust of ages from the skies. Deprive
The planets of their wonted course. Reserve
Your greater strength for distant years. Preserve
Warily

Your youth and beauty and your fervent pride,
Which is my treasure. Nought can me betide
But joy, whilst thou dost love thyself and me,
And we twain dwell together joyful, free."
So spake the woman, and the ages passed
Like hours, while I in silence watched. At last
Wearily,

She rose as though awaking from a dream,
And straightway turning faced the eastern beam.

" 'Tis thou," she cried, "I should have worshiped! Cure
My foolish soul of that which did allure
It t'ward my erring but beloved mate,
That I may aid him, for it groweth late."
Full tenderly

Was she then purged of her leaden dross,
By fire white with purity. No loss
Was there of beauty or of youth, but gain
When her fair soul was cleanséd of each stain.
Now slowly did her mate turn him toward
Her noble form, and hurling back the sword,
Cried woefully,

"My love, my guide, my comforter return,
Nor leave me in this flame alone to burn
My weary heart to ashes. Where art thou?
Behold I see thy stately form, but now
Thou turnest from me; take the sword and lead,
But leave me not." Thus did he sadly plead
Despairingly.

He fell upon the ground. Then hastily
She turned toward the north and lovingly
Now offered him the sword, but held the point.
"Approach, my love," she said. "Let me anoint
Thine eyes with purity, then let us flee
To northern spheres where dwell the mighty free
Eternally."

Now o'er the chasm, twixt the rocky peaks,
With fire in his gaze he boldly leaps.
The sword they hold, the mountains roll in one,
And on my sight a wondrous glory shone.

TO THE OLD YEAR

DEAR year, now past into our God's safe keeping,
Thy blessing with us leave, but bear beyond
The idols of our hearts, and sweeping
All selfish passions far, rid us of bond.
High lift them as dead leaves from clinging branches,
In triumph bear them on the wings of time!
Till as the trees whose beauty Autumn blanches,
We, sternly true, stand, purged of selfish crime.

Like them that by cold blasts rudely deflowered,
Defying frost, face winds with pliant strength;
So grief has with new life our souls empowered;
Each quiver may we freely greet at length.
No longer vainly solace seeking here,
Cleansed now from dead adornments of this year.

ANOTHER DAY

ANOTHER day breaks on our doubtful life,
The Master Hand not yet the way has blocked,
Nor have the skies their treasure houses
locked;

But leave us still to free will and its strife,
And all the problems with which mind is rife;
And like a skiff, upon deep waters rocked,
That oft by waves against some crag is knocked,
Man's heart is tossed, or scarred as with a knife.

But though uncertain is our passage here,
Oft come there moments of such keen delight
As knows the eagle in his mighty flight;
Among the clouds he travels without fear,
So, mounting high above our grief, we care
For naught but freedom and increase of light.

ON ELEANOR'S WEDDING-DAY

SLOWLY the day unfurls her radiant wings,
Spreading her lovely pinions o'er the earth,
Which from embrace of night serenely springs
As forth from the unseen break souls at birth.
The heart of man with ardor new doth thrill,
Greeting the light with fervent hope of good,
He beareth with brave mind the chance of ill,
Nor over distant wrong doth longer brood.
E'en so dost thou, dear bride of this day's gift,
Spread thy sweet radiance o'er our gladdened sight;
Thou owest much that's fair to nature's thrift;
Thy smiling eyes beam on our hearts the light
Of wingéd joy, which o'er thy brow is shed
By hands unseen that here thy feet have led.

FAITH

HIGH in the mystic heavens hangs the star
Of faith, whose beams unceasingly descend
Upon the troubled earth and it defend
From weak despair and from distracted grief;
Forever lending man a sweet relief
From overchargéd mind and heart at war
With Fate, that merciless holds sway afar.
Yea, bids us feed upon the thought of Love,
Which, as magician, lends creation grace,
And casts a gleam of promise o'er the earth.
Whose mighty web all beautiful doth prove
When seen in full expanse, so we may trace
God's power by the light of faith, nor rove
More, aimless, under stars of lesser worth.

ODE TO A SONG BIRD

FLY on, sweet bird, and let me follow thee;
Show me this world as viewed upon the wing.
From such high scope no longer shall I see
Those trivial ills that to men torment bring.
Teach me the love which from thy throat flows free
Of sordid care, so high with thee I'll spring,
And learn the meaning of thy blithesome glee,
While with each heart beat to thy song I'll cling.
Fly on, then, in thy free simplicity!
Thy sweet singing never grievings vary;
Who knowest naught of man's duplicity,
Yet in thy winging thou art ever wary,
Who with no fevered heart dost pleasure seek,
And ever shelter find'st when winds are bleak.

AS HEAVEN'S LOVE

AS Heaven's Love our darkened souls behind,
So 'twixt the trees the setting sun sheds glow,
Nor doth its light with cruel force bestow;
But with the trees 'tis tenderly combined.
So fashions God His smile upon the mind,
Till these dull hearts, with painful steps and slow,
Into the fullness of His glory grow,
Lest with too sudden light our sight He blind.
Upon the mountain God's severer sign
Of justice dwells, His warning to impart,
But in the forest where the gentle vine
Creeps o'er the oak, He speaks to humble heart,
And lends to parchéd lip the precious wine
Of human intercourse with law Divine.

WE MOVE IN DANGER

WE move in danger. Thickly the dread host
Of perils throngs about our helpless lives,
And foolish they who of their safety boast.
Wise, rather, he who his soul daily shrives,
Who faithful, standing at appointed post,
To meet the hour's need humbly contrives;
Nor asks the guides unseen to what strange coast
His lonely craft draws near, or when arrives.
For stand they close, those white-browed mystic guides,
Nor through their midst does jot of peril move
By them unsanctioned. Though his face he hides,
Their kindly Captain bares the sword of love,
He calm o'er broken seas of fate abides,
As hovers o'er a storm a quiet dove.

INTUITION

AT her wise will let Nature fling her dart
Of fire through thy mind, and hinder not
By prudent calculation of thy lot
The operations of her magic art:
Nor guide the feet of love toward thy heart,
Who knoweth well where lies each hidden spot
Within his realm, nor heedeth foolish plot
That would to lesser gods his rights impart.
Not by a swift obedience to his call
Is destiny of man marred on the earth;
They oft a glad response to love recall
Who would their joys increase nor mar their worth.
But ever greater ills to them befall
Who homage pay to gods of lower birth.

FAIR CHURCH OF CHRIST

FAIR Church of Christ, thou dost belie thine end
By foolish tongues that prate incessantly
Of lofty vengeance, which no love can bend,
In mind of God, throughout eternity.
Thou jugglest with the logic of his law,
Striving to fit it with erroneous sense
Of text misunderstood amid the store
Of wisdom gleaned from lips of Christ. Intense
Desire to promulgate his word begets
Misuse of terms and baneful obstinacy;
And oft the ardent man of God forgets
The all important need of accuracy
In law divine and human penetration
Of that high law, and its interpretation.

THE PARENTS

YE wise and faithful parents in whose nest
Your fledglings lie in keen expectancy,
Whose tiny throats from clamor scarce take rest,
Whom hunger rules as man in infancy.
Within your hearts no erring love is known,
Content ye are in sheltering your young
So long they fledglings be, but like seed sown,
When strong of wing they to the winds are flung.
Nor cling ye more to rights of guidance. Swift
Ye turn another nest to fashion, singing
As cheerily the while as when your thrift
Careful to hungered young would food be bringing.
Their offspring grown, so may the parents cease
To govern, and yield freely their increase.

WASTE

WHAT waste is there of pleasure on the earth !
How many are the fruits that drop unseen,
Because by man unlooked for is their worth,
Whose narrow mind is to his eye a screen.
Oft to his gaze of bounty there is dearth,
And passing hungry where he food might glean,—
He rues a state forlorn, which, from his birth,
Has oft a fruitless search for pleasure been.
But some there are, whose hearts with life content,
Make earnest quest for hidden fragments rare ;
On healing human ills, kindly intent,
They to the angels oft for aid repair.
The mind that seeks to help is seldom pent
In selfish wants, but heavenward is sent.

TO THE MAINE COAST

DOST crave a draft of nectar from the Gods
To stir the cooling tenor of thy blood?
Then set thy face toward the northern wood,
Nor rest until thou treadst its mossy sods.
Then enter the deep forest; keenly prods
The temper of the air, while stirring flood
Of beauty thy mind decks with magic mood,
Which is no more benumbed by earthen clods.
Now outward press toward the windy seas,
Scenting the salty essence of their spray;
Let thy feet wander far along the leas,
Where holds the sweet wild rose her gentle sway,
And lives in fair content her little day.
Thus may'st thou from the Gods wrench fresh decrees.

MEN AND THEIR SHADOWS

MEN and their shadows move in company,
Man's life and death are walking hand in hand.
While treading earthly ways their bodies stand
A pace ahead, but when the spirit by
Unwonted fervor cuts the numbing tie
Of sense entanglement, as melts a band
Of iron 'neath some stress of heat unmanned
By such hot furnace, then their shadows lie,
A mark ahead, as 'gainst a bank of mist
Some form will send its likeness on before.
So when Death's Angel speaks, the senses list
At first but dimly, then must needs obey
And pass reluctant into Heaven's ray,
Where blends all lesser light into the more.

TO THE FIREMEN

THOU breed of heroes from a golden age
Of romance and high chivalry divine;
New-born to succor men who now confine
Their keener ardors unto worldly sage
And counsel. Freely your blood flows savage
In strength, unmixed with the thinner wine
Of prudence or shrewd policy feline,
Yet lacking brutal thirsts for blood that rage
Within fierce, lower forms of beast or man.
To thee the homage of the age be paid.
At your brave feet, our meagre praise is laid,
Who dared not follow when the day began,
And ye your choice of simple courage made,
But are content to mark the road ye ran.

TO THE TIGER

THOU monstrous beast that holds the world in
awe,
Whose supple limb is fearful masterpiece,
Thy powers through the ages ne'er decrease,
Nor halt the terrors of thy prongéd paw,
Whose crafty blow thy prey drops dead before.
To thee hath Heaven given wondrous lease
Of voice that, but for stroke of death, would cease
Not ever to repeat its mighty roar.
How doth wise nature in thy form combine
A heart whose cruel thirst ne'er slaketh wine
Save blood of prey, with softest grace feline.
May we within that fierce breast mercy reach?
Who knows what latent love, what tender speech
Lurks there t'ward mate and young in shape divine?

WINTER

WITHIN the heart of Nature Winter lieth,
Like some rare thought not yet to be expressed.
None who her bounties praise e'er him decrieth,
Though they by his stern beauty be oppressed.
How dost thou still the heat of vain endeavor,
And freeze into pure substance vulgar love!
None but the true can win thy lofty favor
Or learn the riches of thy mind to prove.
Though I far from thy presence dwell awhile,
Nor can now through thy crystal chambers rove,
Yet shall my heart prove staunch spite Summer's wile
Until I stand again beneath thy smile.

THE REFLECTION

HOW well doth Nature imitate the soul!
With what a limpid mirror she reflects
Its subtle beauty! Her keen eye detects
Each slightest movement, greeting it with toll
Of answering wind and wave, which ever roll
In truthful measure where her hand directs.
The sorrow-burdened heart how soon erects
Its mournful image in the plaintive dole
Of warbling birds. They in their turn console
The darkened mind from which their grief they stole.
Breezes that pass touch us like unfulfilled
Thoughts, which vanish skyward ere their perfect birth,
At whose looked-for approach the heart is thrilled,
Yet glean they in retreat a dearer worth.

LIVE AND MAKE NO COMPLAINT

LIVE, and make no complaint; complaint is death,—
Taste, but avoid degeneracy;
Strain not when dying for prolonged breath,
Nor strive for knowledge; 'tis mere fallacy.
Search not for pleasure when she stands aloof,
For can'st thou tell when thou hast had thy fill?
So dost thou maim thy soul, and earn'st reproof,
In striving man to help 'gainst Heaven's will.

To what end then is Life if so we must
The heart forever check in its free play?
Must ever urge the will lest baneful crust
Creep o'er the eyes and blind their sight of Day?
All souls as infants grow, till they attain
Wisdom themselves to know, and freedom gain.

A LOVE SONNET

THE Moon sheds forth her nectar on the Earth,
The stars assemble in fair galaxy;
Each homage pays, as to a Queen bends serf,
From whose white hands is dealt no tyranny.
The breast of Ocean heaves with passion sweet,
'Neath her caress sighing contentedly.
The winds pass gently by with happy feet,
Their salutations breathing tenderly.
And thou, my love, wilt turn those orbs awhile,
And flood my soul with purest harmony?
Outshine the moon with paler, fairer smile,
Bearing a touch of high divinity?
So shall the nectar which from moonlight flows
Seem thin to that rich wine thy look bestows.

TO THE MATRIX OPAL

THOU stone of complex beauty and device,
Caught from the earth and sky at sunset hour.
How dost thou in rich mien the mind embower !
Low in the worldly market is thy price,
Whose values rise and fall as drop its dice;
But precious is thy glowing human dower
That doth, with keener sight, the mind empower,
And dull content make pleasure in a trice.
I have a friend whom thou dost well portray,
Whose mind is warm and fair in coloring;
From whose keen soul springs flash of night and day,
And changes oft in the discovering.
Valued she is by all who know her worth
And ever to her friendships lends new birth.

DAWN

ARISE ethereal Dawn and spread thy veil
Of mystic wonder o'er the earth who sleeps
As yet awaiting thy commands. The deeps
Spread joyous summons each to each, and hail
Thy sweet approach as that of maiden pale
With lustrous thought who o'er her beauty weeps.
Thou passest gently on, the darkness creeps
In silence from thy path, while on the trail
Of some wild beast the hunter's step is known.
Now Earth awakes and on thy form attends.
Her beauty follows thine and with it blends,
While Loves upon thy pathway grief bestow
Until thou diest—lo, late the hours atone
For thy sad absence in the sunset's glow.

NIGHT AND DAY

WITH maiden blush Day pauses in her flight,
And hails the presence of her sombre love,
Whose grave apparel richly interwove
With gleaming stars, smiles on her glad-
dened sight,

With gaze of love that gloweth with the might
Of worlds and ages where they twain do rove.
In beauty fit they each to each, by Jove
Mated, born of Time and purposed for delight.
Their nuptial hour passed they spring again,
Each to his separate course, nor are delayed
By vain repinings for a last embrace;
Knowing that, as the sure hours wing, the face
Of the beloved returns once more to reign
In fresh attainment of strong love repaid.

APRIL

'TIS the season of sleep, Earth's pulse is slow.
Unconscious she waits the moment of change
With limbs relaxed; her speech is strange,
Her voice, like the sleepers, is cold and low,
While the shadows of dreams flit across her brow.
What are the thoughts that enchant her sleep? Range
Upon range they stand, as though to estrange
Her soul from freedom, and on her bestow
Some magic spell. She wakes, and lo! the smile
Of maiden joy breaks o'er her pallid face.
She springs to life, yet grieves to leave awhile
Those tender dreams; while slowly she her pace
Increases, and with motion rich in grace
She onward walks the ages to beguile.

AUGUST

L O Summer grows awearv of her loom,
Her silken thread runs haltingly and slow,
Her wondrous eyes drooping with languor;
 gloom

Of promised sleep lies heavy on her brow.
Her golden web is woven end to end,
Its thread waits to be broken. Then will bend
The sickle of the harvest moon along
Ripe orchards and the golden corn—the while
Small crickets lend their cheerful busy song
That heralds Autumn's sway and so beguile
The nights that lie between them and his frost.
In silence earth prepares her bulwarks strong
To shield her handmaid from unwelcome cost
Of coming storms, lest jot of Summer's lost.

SEPTEMBER

BENIGNLY Autumn smiles upon the earth.
His gaze a kind approval manifests,
And Summer's well-performéd task arrests,
With gentle hand expressive of her worth.
Nor doth his keener touch bring sudden dearth
Of Summer's gentle charms; nor uses tests
Of stormy winds and rains or icy pests,
Foretelling advent of stern Winter's birth.
But holding all of good doth nature blend
Each season with the next, and their shapes bend
To one sweet harmony. For her fair soul,
Amid its movements rare that aspect lend
Of many parts, doth ever swift attend
To that high law which unifies the whole.

OCTOBER

WELL launched is the Autumn on his way,
For Winter follows with no ugly haste,
Nor does fair Summer more prolong her stay
Than by a parting smile whereby we taste
Her queenly presence in the deepening glow
Of fruitful verdure upon bush and bough.
Since Autumn has the earth at his command
The winds and sun upon his word bestow
A swift attendance and lend willing hand
To lengthen his career—So unto man
Does each fresh season offer likeness fair
Of his soul's beauty for his eye to scan,
And learn withal of Nature's bounty rare
That taketh earth and man beneath her care.

HAIL SOUL OF EARTH

HAIL Soul of Earth, come forth ! The hour is free
Of irksome light, and lo, the young night, filled
With breath of love, thy form approaches, stilled
By throb of hope. Let thy desires flee
To greet their sweet fulfilment, Night waits thee
With heart of limpid purity, distilled
From uncouth mortal passion, stormy-willed
Of lower purport, courting Death's decree.
In your far-wingéd souls Love soars as wind
Set free. Then rise sweet Earth and shed thy smiles
Upon Night's yearning gaze ; and flee as hind
That its dear mate from out their lair beguiles
To sport in fearless joy ; while garish day
In distant forests holds her potent sway.

SONNET TO FAITH

THOU strong and patient handmaid of our God,
Whose gaze swerves not from His fair coun-
tenance,

But gathers from His smile thy sustenance,
How dost Thou guide out feet which, leaden shod,
Hardly without Thy help could homeward plod;

But ever are they lightened by a glance
At Thy heroic form, whose flaming lance
Became in Moses' grasp triumphant rod.

Nor do we know the fullness of Thy might,

Or when Thy penetrating eye may scan
The vast circumference of Heaven's plan;

At that glad hour shall our hungry sight
Be fed with knowledge absolute of right,

And Heaven's strength fall at the feet of man.

ODE TO ELIZABETH

THOU lovely star whose crystal light
Sheds on my heart a keen delight,
Who tak'st the form of lithesome maid,
At whose sweet feet is homage paid,—
How didst thou gather from the skies
The azure beauty of thine eyes?

Thy smile didst thou from angel's glean,
From fire nymphs thy touch of spleen;
How often that expressive face
Blends blithesome charm with Heaven's grace!
Thy heart much pity doth contain,
Fast fill those eyes at sight of pain.

Full young thou art, here have I set
Much praise that Future holdeth yet;
But ever daily thou bestowest
Joy upon me as thou growest.

ODE TO MARGARET

MARGARET, the amber-haired,
Gentle flower, human born,
By wise virtue kindly reared,
Fit pure Heaven to adorn.

From whose eyes a mellow light,
As of moonbeam, shines on all;
Lending lustre to the night,
In whose voice lies tender thrall.

Hast thou from some magic art
Learnt the hours to beguile?
Fast to hold my willing heart,
And the world arrest the while?

CHRISTOPHER

A PLANT of tender growth thou art, thou little man ;
Who, though at all times loth cold hearts to scan,
Will face in thoughtful wise deep Nature's plan,
And list with widened eyes how some brave clan
Was killed for duty, nor from duty ran.
Thou lov'st this earth, yet often look'st beyond
To that more worth thy contemplation fond,
And ne'er dost thou forget one thou hast loved,
But guard'st with fervor sweet the friend thou'st proved.

HESTER

I KNOW a little mother tender, sweet,
Whose loving heart beats time to happy feet;
That flutters o'er her young with matron's mien;
Nor lacks she ever for their care a keen
Intelligence, yet bides she all serene.

CONRAD

HAST seen a fawn dart shyly from thy sight,
And hide him in the depth of forest green?
Has some rare bird of quiet silver sheen
Flown swift away far from thine eager ken?

I know a pair of eyes of steely gray
That flash betimes with light of heaven, then
Full swift withdraw the beauty of their gaze,
And their beholder leave in sweet amaze.

L. OF C.

E. W. C.

HOW shall I pen thee, queen of nights and days,
That tak'st from both their fairer mystic rays?
With flash and counterflash of light divine
Thy spirit springs in energy sublime,
And swiftly wings t'ward its eternal clime.

J. J. C.

A PROPHEET thou of no small heritage,
That walk'st with head erect upon the stage
Of mortal hours, bearing heart of sage
Within thy breast; yet flash those eyes aglow
With elfish humor or with human woe.
Keen speech thou hast for all that cross thy path;
Keen thoughts fresh burnished from the higher wrath
Of soul in strong combat, then flash of love
Doth check thine ardor and thy wisdom prove.

TO M. L. C.

A NOBLE woman warrior thou, that hold'st high
 banner in thy hand,
And walkest far abroad the land
 When times are needy.
Thou warrest with small foes at home when times are
 weedy;
And many battles thou dost win 'gainst public sin.
But ever 'neath thine armored steel array
Lies heart of woman and a woman's way.

TO S. W.

GENIAL as sun to earth is friend to friend.
Such friend wast thou to all whose mortal
trend

Did cross thy path, and swift didst thou attend
To each fresh need with ardent interest and quick heed.
A potent mind thou hadst to give to all,
The talent that could well befall
One human lot,
And often goodness found'st where others found not.
As rushing mighty stream, thy course pursuing,
Thou fedest on thy source thy strength renewing.
God's blessing on thy spirit, sweet and wonderful,
That shed upon our path its bounties beautiful.

W. J. E.

YOUNG as is a child at play wast thou,
Sweet as some rare flower dropped from bough;
Strong as gnarléd oak of lofty pine,
Keen was thine eye and warm that heart of
thine.

Thou judgest not of men by written law,
Nor in thy worship didst thy God adore
By rote or rule;
But ever didst thou hold before aught else
The common weal.

Fresh was thy life and clear as crystal springs,
Though thou didst live to know what old age brings.
Many there were to love thee and to cherish,
But thou with honor didst thy children nourish.

J. C. E.

MOTHER thou art to all who love or know thee,
To heroes and to simple men as well.
Kindly and wise, serene and wondrous lowly,
With calm regard that breaks all morbid
spell

In those who listen at thy feet to gather
The mellow harvest of thy mind and soul—
To learn the goodness of the perfect Father,
Who is thy pleasure and will be thy goal.

ROSALIND

THOU piece of summer sky,
Thou breath of wind
That freshens with advancing day,
Fair Rosalind.
How deep within thy lustrous soul doth lie
The love of beauty;
And dearer still to thy pure mind
Is simple duty.
Judgment thou hast of rarer cast than men,
A courage ne'er to be outrun. What then
Is there to add, sweet Rosalind?

L. C.

SHE passes as the petal of a rose
Blown sunward on an early morning breeze.
She scatters on her passage the repose
Which emanates from mind that is at ease.

She beareth words of wisdom to the wise.
The sorrowful regard her with content.
She permitteth to the curious surmise,
And none willingly she causes to lament.

LAURA

HEAVEN'S blessings on thee fall,
Laura fair, the crystal-eyed.
May nought in life thy mind appall,
Pure gold thy metal prove when tried.

An emblem is that snowy brow
Of purity thou dost bestow
Upon the earth, nor carest thou
For vain applause or puppet show.

Though nature hath thine head adorned
With shape and colors beautiful,
The Angels have thy mind forewarned
To keep thee strong and dutiful.

We for thy future have no fears,
Dear child, but dwell in confidence,
That if those noble eyes shed tears
'Twill seldom be from penitence.





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